

Correspondence Column

**Surprised and Delighted.**  
Dear Editor.—You cannot imagine how surprised and delighted I was to know I had won a prize on my first attempt to send anything to the page. I haven't received my prize yet, but please accept many thanks for it, as I know it is coming. I will try and send something for the State Fair exhibit. I think Walter Pocklington's drawing was fine last week. My school begins September 18, so you see I will soon be at work. This will be my first year in high school. I am thirteen years old. I enjoyed you will find a story which I hope to see in print. I think your page is better every Sunday. I should like to join the post-card exchange. With lots of love, your member,  
POLLY BERRY.  
Green Bay, Va.

**About School and the Jackies.**  
Dear Editor.—I am sorry you are going away, but hope you will have a perfectly grand time. I am sending a picture that I hope you would use as a heading, as I have never had one on the page. The other day there were sixteen men-of-war out in the Honda, but now only three are there, the rest are at the southern drill grounds. But our town is full of "Jackies," and they are having a good time. Everybody is saying, "Strike up the band; here comes the sailor, cash in his hand." School days are here at last. Am I glad? Indeed I am. I intend to study like fury this year, but I guess that is a good resolution we all make. The poem I enclose was written some ago, but I thought it was good enough to print on the page. It is about "A Soldier's Home." Editor, you will have to see our soldiers here. A tall, big soldier will have for his "bunkie," a little soldier, tiny and lean, and they are good friends. Generally the little one is the generous handed kind, and maybe that's why. Well, I must close. I have been writing 175 letters for this time. Your old member,  
WILLIE E. CHADWICK.  
Care: William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

**School Days, School Days!**  
Dear Editor.—Although we shall all miss you greatly we hope you will have a lolly time on your vacation. I am sending a poem and two pictures which I hope will get on the page. I was glad to see my story on the page, and was also glad to see the several of the members mentioned. Well, vacation is almost gone and now "School days, school days, dear old golden days." How many of us have heard the tune of the hickory stick? Not many, I hope, but we never can tell. The warships have gone to the drill grounds, but some are back, and the streets are full of sailors. The soldiers are quite put in the back-ground, but only for a time, however. They never stay in the back-ground long. Nellie, Bessie, Willy and I went to the conservatory in the home to see a flower in bloom, the "Bird of Paradise." It was a beauty, but I like the rubber plant and palms as well as any. Nearly time for me to play, so must close. An old member,  
HARRY E. CHADWICK.  
Care: William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

**Pledged for the Future.**  
Dear Editor.—I have treated you real bad by not sending anything to the page. Don't think for once I have forgotten it, because I have not. I will send more regularly after this time. All the club members as well as you also. School begins Monday. I moved to the country in June and am going to school out here. I am mighty sorry I can't go back to my school in Richmond. All my teachers are expecting me back, but I can't go. I will try to send something for the State Fair exhibition later on. Included you will find two free-hand drawings, which I hope will be put in print. I will close, with best love to all. Lovingly yours,  
SUSIE FARISH.  
Glen Allen, Va., R. F. D. No. 2.

**In Richmond Labor Day.**  
Dear Editor.—I am sending this week a drawing, puzzle and poetry. I sincerely hope you will enjoy your vacation. I was in Richmond Labor Day and had a delightful time, and hope to go again during the fair. Where is Hamilton Whyte this week? Your true member,  
EVELYN E. DYKE.  
2512 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

**Back from Trip to the Mountains.**  
Dear Editor.—Although I haven't seen the paper I still like to write in writing to my club. I guess all of the members are about ready for school now. Well, I am, and I feel like studying too. I hope that I will be the way with the other members. I just came back from a fine trip I took to the mountains and Washington, D. C. I certainly did have a fine time, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I like Washington better than any place I have ever been. I must close now as I have more writing to do. Best wishes for the club. Your faithful member,  
LYRA V. RANSON.  
Masonic Home, City.

**Glad to See You, Curtis Elder.**  
Dear Editor.—I am sending two puzzles, which I hope will be worthy enough to occupy a space upon our page. I also send a landscape, which I hope you will print. I sent four drawings last week, which I hope you received. I think the page was very good last Sunday, the 17th. I will close. Your member, C. G. ELDER.

**Went to a Barn Party.**  
Dear Editor.—I am going to try to write a letter. It seems to me that I cannot write letters, but I do anything else. I went about three miles in the country to a barn party the other night. They had wagons to carry us out there. I had a splendid time. It was a fine place when we got home. School is going to start soon, and I will be so glad. I am tired of vacation. I don't know what I shall do when I finish school. I expect to go to the fair, but I don't think I can send anything for the exhibit, because I have not a bit of talent for drawing or anything else. I have been trying for a long time to send something, but I get tangled up before I finish. Well, I guess I must close. Your loving member,  
ROSALIA BENNETT.  
391 Hull Street, South Richmond.

**Her Aunt's Pet Dog.**  
Dear Editor.—When I was North I went up to my aunt's and she had a pet dog named Tinker, and he played with my mother. I was afraid of him at first, for he would bite my legs. He would bring mail from the postman and take note to the lot where my uncle was at work, and keep the chickens from the flower garden. Sometimes he would be so rough with them, but he never killed them. He would sit up and give you his paw and roll over and speak for something to eat. He always in the barn every night, and when my uncle was not home at night he would stay in the house until the master came home, and then he would go to the barn. When I was up there he would wake me up by licking my face in the morning. My aunt wrote and told me that he would watch every ear to see if we were on that car, and in the morning he came to see if we were in bed.  
IDA HEBEL.  
160 North Avenue, Barton Heights.

**Wishes a Badge.**  
Dear Editor.—I was glad to see my drawing on the page Sunday. I am sending another now, which I hope will be published. I did not ask for a badge in my first letter, but wish you would send me one any way. I hope you will enjoy your vacation. With all good wishes for the club, I am, your new member,  
GLADYS V. GIBBS.  
1825 Beverly Street, Richmond.

**Sending Answers to Puzzles.**  
Dear Editor.—I am glad you are going to have a holiday, and I hope you will enjoy yourself. I will be twelve years old the 18th of this month. Harry Chadwick's story and Emma V. Chadwick's drawing are fine, but I don't see my story on the page this week, but I knew you did not have the space for it. I am sending answers to the puzzles in last Sunday's page and a drawing. I will have much more vacation, as school will start in a month, and I am glad it will. I remain your member,  
MARIAN LEE MOTLEY.  
Upper Zion, Caroline county, Va.

**Sends a Poem.**  
Dear Editor.—I have not contributed to the T. D. C. for a long time, but I am now sending you a little poem, which I hope you will find good enough to publish next time. Your member,  
KATHERINE PAGE WITHERS.  
Bonnes F. O. Gloucester, Va.

**Mixed Magazine.**  
Dear Editor.—I do not feel much like writing to the page tonight, but want this to go on in the morning. I had an awful cold, and you know how badly that makes me miss reading the magazine in the Times-Dispatch. I hope some of the members come in ours for two Sundays. There certainly are some small children in the pony contest. I hope some of the members are going by quiver. It is now only 4:30, and has been dark for some time. Must close. Your member,  
LEONIE WALKER.  
Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

Here I Am at My Desk Again. How Do You Do?

My Dear Girls and Boys:  
Here I am back in my place, as I told you I should be, before you realized I had been away. I had two weeks of vacation, however, and enjoyed it more than I can tell you. I have just time to say "How do you do?" and thank many of you for beautiful work sent in. I have reserved for the State Fair exhibit some fine pieces done by Carrington Calloway, John S. Terry, Curtis G. Elder, Emma V. Chadwick, J. Howard Davis, Jr., William C. Lord and Mildred Ribble. The boys' work includes characteristic examples of their best style. Emma Chadwick has sent a vision of Priscilla spinning and John Alden looking in on her, and Mildred Ribble some very delicate and dainty heads in colored crayon.  
I have received for the exhibit from Lounell Pope two beautiful framed pictures, one a copy of Charles Dana Gibson's "Empty Sleeve," and the other "The Return of the Mayflower." In color. I have been enjoying these pictures all day while sitting at my desk, and am taking this way of calling your attention to Lounell's work and expressing to her my sincerest appreciation.  
I am glad to be with you again. Another year of work lies ahead of us. Dear young comrades, shall we help each other in the right doing of it? I hope so.  
YOUR EDITOR.

**WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.**  
William C. Lord, 1904 South Meadow Street, Richmond, Va.  
Miss Mildred Ribble, care Rev. Frederick G. Ribble, Petersburg, Va.  
Robert Martin, 820 Park Avenue, City.

**THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.**  
Anthony, Blanche  
Andrews, Hazel  
Bennett, Rosalia  
Berry, Polly  
Calloway, C.  
(Alumnus).  
Chadwick, Harry  
Chadwick, W. E.  
Chamlin, Sarah  
Collins, Nellie S.  
Davis, J. H., Jr.  
Dyke, Evelyn E.  
Dickenson, Lottie  
Elder, Curtis G.  
Farish, Susie  
Freeman, J.  
Gibbs, Gladys V.  
Gilliam, Mary A.  
Heubl, Ida  
Withers, K. Page.

**LITTLE CORN BABIES.**  
Little corn babies are wrapped in silk.  
Soft and dainty and white as milk.  
Swinging so high in their cradles of green,  
Where only the sky is the corn babies' screen.  
Little corn babies they grow and grow,  
And their cloaks are white as the snow.  
And, oh! so wise are the soft little dears  
Listening all day to the wind in their ears.  
Little corn babies grow all alone,  
Not a mother has ever been known.  
But the kind wind whispers all day  
Where they hide, where they bide.  
Wonderful things of the world outside,  
Little corn babies are learning, too.  
All that a corn baby ought to do,  
To grow so juicy, so white and sweet.  
For little corn babies were made to eat.

**Little corn babies swing on 'neath the blue.**  
And the white of clouds that are over you.  
The never a mother's fond care you  
A father keeps watch where the corn babies grow.  
MILDRED RIBBLE.  
Care: Rev. Frederick G. Ribble, Petersburg, Va.

**WHICH WAS THE STRONG MAN?**  
"O, Mamma, do sit down here on the couch, and let me tell you all about it right away," said Fred, bursting into the sitting room one Saturday evening with a gay college banner of blue and white fluttering over his shoulder. "My dear, O yes, we hear 'em, but just wait till I tell you how it was. You know how much I wanted to go to this football game, and how tickled I was when Uncle Ralph came over and said he'd take me." Fred went on, his eyes shining with excitement. "And you know that the first reason was not so much to see my own jolly Uncle Ralph play as to see that strong man from Jenkins' Academy."  
"Well, I had hardly sat down (Uncle Ralph got me a dandy seat in the grandstand), when out came the Jenkins team, and there was the strong man sure enough. He was a fine fellow and no mistake, with a great, big forehead and muscles a-standin' as each out on his arms, and yet he stepped about as light and graceful as a cat."  
"Pretty soon the game began, and it was exciting from the start, for the two teams were pretty well matched."  
"Some times it would be so still you could hear a pin drop, and then one side or the other would yell and jump up and down and wave their banners when some fellow made an extra plucky play. The strong man had his eye out, and he very soon saw that the very best player on our side was my dandy Uncle Ralph, for though Uncle Ralph isn't very big, he is quick as a dart and one of the best runners in the State. So he made up his sneaking mind to put Uncle Ralph out of the game before our side got the ball."

For when the fellows were all down in a heap and he thought no one could tell he did it, he took his big, rough foot and gave Uncle Ralph an awful kick in the head.

"Well, when the fellows got up there lay Uncle Ralph in a dead faint, and some of the fellows had to carry him off to the dressing room. Of course, the other side tried to pretend it was an accident, but others besides me had guessed what had happened and some of our folks were fighting mad. I slipped out of the grandstand and ran over to the dressing room, for I was most scared to death about Uncle Ralph. Just as I got there Billy Evans came out and said, 'Don't cry, little fellow; your uncle's all right. I didn't know I was crying, but maybe I was. Pretty soon Uncle Ralph himself came out kind of white and dizzy looking', but as quick and strong as ever. 'Don't say a word about it, fellows,' he was saying to the others, 'we can't prove it, and it would only make a row. I'm as good for the game as ever; we'll beat 'em yet, and we'll do it fair and square.'"  
I always knew Uncle Ralph was a good player, but I never saw him play like he did that afternoon, when he grunted his teeth and went to work in earnest. Such runs as he made, such turning and twisting and dodging! And at last, when he made a run half way across the field and touched one of the finest goals you ever saw, our folks yelled and yelled and yelled, as if they could never stop. And I jumped up in my seat and yelled out, 'Hurrah for the sure enough strong man; hurrah for my Uncle Ralph!' and you ought to have seen the girls down in front wave their flags and laugh."  
POLLY BERRY.  
Green Bay, Va.

**BERT AND I.**  
The war with Spain had just begun  
When my brother Bert and I  
Swore our allegiance to the flag  
That we would do or die.

That very night we sailed away,  
Bound for the Cuban shore;  
My brother Bert was just sixteen,  
But I was twenty-four.

That first fight was a heated one,  
'Twas a warm October night,  
And Bert stayed close beside me,  
The moon rose full and bright.

We were standing in the thickest  
Of the battles roar and fell;  
When I felt Bert's fingers clasp my arm,  
'I'm shot,' he moaned and fell.

I put my canteen to his lips  
And bated his fevered brow;  
He smiled up in my face and said,  
'I must tell you something now.'

I saw the Spanish rebel  
When he held his gun just so;  
He would have shot my captain,  
But I wouldn't let him, y' know.

So I am shot instead,  
And, Kin, you must not tell;  
I did it for my captain,  
And his voice weakly fell.

He murmured low, "I love you, Kin;  
Now let me see once again."  
And then his dark eyes closed in death,  
A hero with the slain.

In the shadow of the old, far fort  
They laid his form to rest;  
The stars and stripes wound round him  
And flowers on his breast.

And I'm still fighting for the flag,  
But when my time to go  
Is come, I want to be with Bert,  
Upon that moonlit shore.

Composed by  
WILLIAM CHADWICK.  
Care: William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

loved by their parents. A quarrel or fight never occurs among the children, and like their parents they never call each other ugly names, and do everything possible to avoid a fuss. They have very sweet and cunning ways. In short, some one has called them "a lot of dirty angels." They are exceedingly cordial in their welcoming. Some of their ways of showing their good will are by greeting one with their "good cheer," and if permitted, by rubbing noses with each other.

The Eskimos are greatly devoted to their icebound country. There are not many people in the world more contented in their native land than they. The few that have visited foreign lands have invariably become homesick, and their only wish on approaching home is to see ice.

Composed by  
I. HAMILTON WHYTE.  
214 West Clay Street.

**HARVEST SONG.**  
Oh! All the fall is yellow  
And all the sunset gold.  
The fruit is growing mellow  
And the year is growing old.  
The trees are bending lower,  
The goldenrod is here,  
With hints of Indian summer,  
That youth and age hold dear.  
Then let be gone all sorrow,  
Or moan, or falling leaves.  
Let grief come with to-morrow  
Nor mar the closing year.  
But laugh with smiling nature  
And gather ripe her store.  
Be glad with every creature  
That fall is here once more.

And while she smiles upon us,  
Laugh and be happy all,  
For soon the winter's on us,  
With all its blight and chill.  
Yet trust to spring's returning,  
With her the bursting seed—  
And glad good-by to summer  
And to the fall Goodspeed.

Care: Rev. Frederick G. Ribble, Petersburg, Va.

**THOUGHTS OF SCHOOL.**  
When the wind is in the autumn leaves,  
And sends them rustling o'er the ground,  
With nuts which many a squirrel relishes,  
To harvest ere the snow comes down.

When purple asters line the way  
And goldenrod is in its prime,  
And morning glories at break of day  
Are heralds of the winter time.

We think of our vacation spent  
In pleasures tasted far and near,  
And with our minds on study bent,  
We'll do our best in school this year.

We'll know our history word for word,  
Our spelling will be always right,  
And when our grammar, too, is read,  
Our faces wear a knowing light.

The algebra is hard, they say,  
We'll do the best a person can,  
We'll work on it both night and day,  
And sift the reasons all like sand.

In reading we'll surprise the class,  
We'll try to win the medals all,  
Till teacher says we work so fast,  
We'll enter high school in the fall.

Roanes, Va.

**AUTUMN FAIRIES.**  
The leaves are red and yellow  
And falling to the ground,  
The little autumn fairies  
Are dancing all around.

When the autumn's over  
They all will go away,  
But when the moon is brightest  
The little fairies play.  
They often meet and dance  
Under the harvest moon,  
They kiss the fruits and grains  
And make them ripen soon.

When the crops are gathered in  
The fairies, one and all,  
Meet in nooks secluded  
And give a moonlight ball.  
And when the fall is over  
And winter days are come,  
The autumn fairies meet again  
After getting tired of playing.  
They come to their home,  
MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.  
200 South Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

Puzzle Department

PICTURE PUZZLE.



"Hello, Tom! Where is Sam?"  
Find him.  
CURTIS G. ELDER.  
Brookneal, Va.



What noises are these?  
J. H. DAVIS, JR.  
1215 West Clay Street, City.

GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE.

Rearrange the letters in the following groups so as to spell five cities of the United States.

1. Hal had pie lip.
2. Rest ocher.
3. Cry as Sue.
4. O. can Jus scan?
5. Opal is in a din.

By EVELYN E. DYKE.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

Two birds' names are concealed in each sentence.  
1. I have a white mouse, Louise; it was caught in a mouse trap.  
2. In Manitoba we were very much afraid of Indians, wandering rebels, etc.  
3. You will attend to the matter, I hope, without fail, or you may have trouble.  
4. Isaac Rowell makes trillies to sell.  
5. I have a vase of similar kind, over one hundred years old.  
6. My brother Edwin gave me an altogether new rendition of the story.  
By BLANCHIE ANTHONY.  
Ashland, Va., R. F. D. No. 4, Box No. 20.

Answers to Names of Continents and Oceans in Figures.

1. North America.
2. South America.
3. Europe.
4. Asia.
5. Africa.
6. Australia.

Answers to the Names of the Continents in Figures.

1. North America.
2. South America.
3. Europe.
4. Asia.
5. Africa.
6. Australia.

Answers to the Names of Presidents in Figures.

1. Hayes.
2. Harrison.
3. Jefferson.
4. Buchanan.

Answers to Louise Winkler's Presidential Puzzle.

1. Teddy Roosevelt.
2. Jefferson.
3. Buchanan.

Alexander Huddleston's Continents and Oceans in Figures.

1. North America.
2. South America.
3. Europe.
4. Asia.
5. Africa.
6. Australia.

When the crops are gathered in

The fairies, one and all,  
Meet in nooks secluded  
And give a moonlight ball.

And when the fall is over  
And winter days are come,  
The autumn fairies meet again  
After getting tired of playing.

They come to their home,  
MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.  
200 South Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

A PICNIC IN THE COUNTRY.

One hot day last July a large Sunday school class went on a picnic to the country. We got up that morning early, got our lunches and got in a large wagon and started for the country. When we got a little way from the city we saw fruits and vegetables wild flowers, and thick forests. The place we went to was a large and shady one.  
We amused ourselves by playing and riding. We found lots of bird nests. All of us played hide and seek, hide the switch and drop the handkerchief. After getting tired of playing we went down a small stream. There were small tadpoles, frogs and fish. When lunch time came we served refreshments, such as ice cream, cakes, pie, grapes, bananas.  
About 5 o'clock we started home. After traveling about three hours we arrived home safe. All of us were tired and worn out, but still we enjoyed ourselves.  
NELLIE NICHOLSON.  
Forkville, Va.



EVELYN E. DYKE.



MARIAN LEE MOTLEY.



MAGGIE LIVIS.



J. H. DAVIS, JR.



SUSIE FARISH.



ALETHA HANCOCK.



WILLIE E. CHADWICK.



BLANCHIE ANTHONY.



JOHN S. TERRY.